ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY

GENERAL WM. B. BATE,

ON OCCASION OF DEDICATING THE

"BATTLE-GROUND ACADEMY,"

(PROFESSORS WALL & MOONEY)

ON THE FIELD OF FRANKLIN.

Franklin, Tennessee, Saturday, October 5, 1889.

PUBLISHED BY CITIZENS OF FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN, TENN., October 5, 1889.

Hon. Wm. B. Bate, Nashville, Tenn.:

DEAR SIR—Having heard your address delivered at the opening of the new building of the "Battle-Ground Academy," in this city, we appreciate its value and general interest, and would rejoice to have it printed in pamphlet form. We therefore respectfully request that you furnish a copy of the address for publication.

Very respectfully,

ATHA THOMAS,
C. R. BERRY,
PARK MARSHALL,
JNO. H. HENDERSON,
HENRY H. COOK,
THOS. E. HAYNES,
WALL & MOONEY.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Hon. Atha Thomas, Hon. C. R. Berry, and others:

GENTLEMEN—Your request for a copy of my address delivered at the opening of the "Battle-Ground Academy," on the field of Franklin, a few days since, has been received, and I herewith take pleasure in complying with your request. Very respectfully,

WM. B. BATE.

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AMONG the criticisms of the press, the *American* of October 7, in presenting the address of General Bate, made the following introductory remarks:

"A MASTERLY SPEECH—EX-CONFEDERATES ADDRESSED BY AN HONORED CHIEFTAIN—GEN. WM. B. BATE ON THE HISTORIC BATTLE-GROUND AT FRANKLIN—ELOQUENT, PATRIOTIC, AND A STIRRING PLEA FOR THE TRUTH OF HISTORY.

"The AMERICAN of this morning is enabled to give to those who heard, and to the ex-Confederates of the South, the address of Gen. Wm. B. Bate. The speech was made Friday, at Franklin, Tenn., on the field of the now historic battle, which bears the name of the town near which it was fought, and in which so many brave lives were given up for a righteous cause.

"The speech was listened to with great interest, and inspired the enthusiasm that always greets the utterances of the distinguished orator.

"It is well for the South that such men as General Bate live to fight now, in times of peace, for the correct writing of the history of those great battles of blood, which shook a continent, and for more than four years taught the world the true meaning of war."

ADDRESS.

Upon the conclusion of the introductory remarks of Col. N. N. Cox, who in handsome terms presented the speaker to the audience, General Bate came forward, and, after making some pertinent and touching allusions to those members of the Franklin bar, now gone, whom he met when he formerly came among them as Attorney-general of this District, said:

Mr. Chairman and Ladies and Gentlemen:

The occasion of assembling in such numbers here to-day on this consecrated spot is not political, in the ordinary sense of the term, but patriotic; and yet all patriotic gatherings are political, inasmuch as they concern the good of the country. There is beautiful coincidence in the occasion of to-day's ceremonies, consisting in the purpose for which and the place where they occur. This building, in architectural form tasteful and useful, has been built by the free contributions of a patriotic, brave, and generous people—an educational monument, so to speak—in memory of that battle which occurred years agone on this spot, and to that successful training of youth which is of the hopeful future. It is a memorial to the patriotism and heroism of those who, a quarter of a century ago, fought and fell on this historic ground, as it also is a building dedicated to the public good, where the gold-dust of knowledge from the hands of educators will be scattered over the budding intellects of the present and future generations. Verily, when we view the surroundings, recall the past, and look to its future, may we not say it is transforming the haversack of the soldier into the satchel of the school-boy; making a campus of an "eternal camping-ground;" a playground of the battle plain, where boys, in merry mood and playful sport, may shoot their harmless marbles and throw their harmless balls where, alas, grim and daring soldiers did shoot their minies and throw their cannon-balls unto the death?

This utilizing for school purposes a monumental structure is "a new departure" that combines the practical with the sentimental; and to look upon it gives food for reflection. It is an epic in itself, an Iliad of our woes, breaking into a new and hopeful strain. Reflected from the dark war cloud of the background of this historic picture, we see the blended colors of the bow of promise in the foreground, as if spanning the future.

While we turn with admiration and affection to the deeds of our dead and of our living heroes who won immortal honors here, we will not neglect the future, but have the history of the past and hope of the future unite here as kindred drops that mingle into one. Notwithstand-

ing you are in the forefront in providing for the education of children in the public schools of your country—having a large scholastic population and corps of teachers, for which you pay an annual tax, regardless of color—you, as shown in erecting this building, look beyond the public schools into the realms of the higher educational branches.

This cultured and generous people, proud, as they have a right to be, of their lineage, their home, and their history, will see to it that this shall become a school where students will feel honored to have been graduated, not only in the branches of a common English education, but in the arts and sciences, in the Greek and Latin, and modern languages. I know there is a modern view of an educational curriculum that would exclude what is termed the "dead languages," but ours being, to a large extent, a derivative one, requires for its thorough knowledge and easy use, a familiarity with its sources.

It seems to have been a part of the divine economy that different peoples should speak different languages, else there would have been no confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. As to how long the various nations of this enlightened and progressive age, speaking different tongues, are to remain unable to communicate with each other save through the medium of interpreters, let the scholarly advocates of the "Volapuk" answer. I am somewhat credulous of the success of the attempt to establish this universal language, not to supersede, but to aid the present established tongues. I submit that a necessity exists for it; that necessity is the mother of invention, and that this necessity is daily increasing, as type, steam, and electricity multiply their benefits for the elevation and advancement of mankind.

I submit again that it is more feasible and of easier belief for a number of scholars, by combined effort, to work out the problem of a universal language than it was to believe, before successful experiment, that applied steam could transmit vessels across the sea and carriages over the land as rapidly as the flight of bird; or that, by taming the lightning, it could be made the post-boy of thought around the world; or that the human voice, in ordinary tones, could be transmitted, even to recognizing the voice, from city to city.

There is, as yet, but one universal language, and it is the sweetest and simplest of all, and especially charming to the hundred young ladies who sit before me.

> "When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
> While 'yet in early Greece she sung,'
> The passions oft thronged 'round her cell,
> To hear sweet lessons from her forceful shell."

Yes, a simple "staff" of five straight lines, and characters or notes of the plainest make, and located at intervals upon them, with reference to line and space—making "the scale"—is the medium of universal communication, and easily interpreted the world over. The Greek, as he reclines in his marble porches, or stands on the steps of the Bema, however scholarly, may not understand a word of the grandest or simplest song written in any language but his own, yet he can read and understand the notes and bars, the lines and quavers, that comprise the music of that song as though they had been written with his own stylus in his

own Hellenic. However beautiful the sentiment in that wooing language of the Troubadours, as expressed by the gay cavalier in his evening serenade, and although utterly incomprehensible to the fair listener of a different race and language, yet the gentle touch of the soft guitar, as he invokes the musical chords, is readily interpreted by "my winsome ladye" in the balcony. Music is the same everywhere; and whether its simple characters are seen by the gray eye of the Scotchman, the dark orb of the Frank, or the soft blue of the Scandinavian, they are easily understood by each, and are alike interpreted.

When the combined powers of Europe assembled their respective armies to overthrow Napoleon, each was totally ignorant of the language of the other, but when their hundred bands of music were mustered together, no interpreter was called, for the baton of one maestro put all in accord and brought forth perfect harmony.

Although our language, to be taught in this building, is not universal, yet it is rich in expression, flexible and versatile. Being of modern classification, it is more rapidly improving, and is being more widely extended than any other. An English-speaking traveler can now find social companions, familiar with his own tongue, in every civilized city on the globe. And it is worthy of note that recently, and I believe for the first time, the English language was adopted as the medium of communication in diplomatic correspondence involving a national treaty. The tripartite conference recently held in Berlin respecting the Samoan imbroglio, was conducted in the English language, and the idea is gaining credence that the time is not remote when it will become the court language of civilization. It certainly then should be the aim of every well-regulated school and of every student to pursue that course which will give the most thorough knowledge of our own language and the easiest and most ready mode of using it. I submit, cannot that, in the absence of a universal language, be better accomplished by going to the root, and by invoking the aid of Latin and Greek, the chief sources whence it springs?

The sciences, as well as languages, are now taught with such increased facility that it is a part of every well-regulated school to make them leading features in its curriculum. Every young man desirous of scholarly attainment can easily be gratified through the present educational facilities, in much shorter time than formerly, if he but do his part. The system of teaching as now adopted abbreviates the time formerly required to attain the same end. Application, with opportunity, accomplishes wonders; opportunity without application, nothing. And where could a place possibly be found better adapted to the acquisition of a high order of educational attainment than this consecrated spot? In the heart of the most beautiful of countries, populated by a citizenry noted for high character, culture, Christian devotion and hospitality; scenery that is variegated and inspiring, with forest and field, with hill and dale and river; and, added to all this, a renowned battle-field to inspire patriotism and valor as it lends an aroma to the page of history.

In speaking of this place, of languages and sciences, and of opportunity embraced, it is to me as pleasing as it is appropriate, to make reference to one of the sons of this county of Williamson. A gifted, learned, scientific man, who made a world-wide reputation, and won diplomas,

medals, and honors from the highest sources known to science and learning.

To Lieutenant Maury every nation that floats a navy, every city to which commerce is tributary, every ship that bears exports and imports over the sea, every traveler who crosses the ocean seeking gain or pleasure, every sailor that goes before the mast, in calm or in storm, is indebted for the fruits of his profound research. He studied the sea scientifically and with practical observation as no man ever did. He marked the winds above and the currents beneath the great deep; learned their habitudes in every season and in all latitudes, placed their movements and gave their temperature and velocity; pointed out the nurseries of sea storms and the causes that gave them birth, thus virtually putting beacons of warning on the Scyllas and Charybdes of the great deep. He gave alike to science and to sailor, a chart of the internal motions of ocean water, with their cause and effect.

The scholar, alike with the school-boy, is charmed with Lieutenant Maury's "Geography of the Seas," as it unfolds the hitherto hidden mysteries of oceans, gulfs, and seas. His great familiarity with these, and the practical and useful manner in which his research has been applied, seem a challenge to old Neptune for the possession of his trident. Truly did he "dive into the bottom of the deep and drag up drowned honor by the locks." His name is most intimately blended with the revelations of that great water-wonder, the Gulf-stream, which, he tells us, is a river in the heart of the ocean that, in severest drouth, never fails, and in the mightiest floods never overflows. Its banks and bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Carribbean Sea is its fountain, the Gulf of Mexico its tributary, and its mouth the Arctic Seas. There is in this world no other such majestic flow of waters: its current, more rapid than the Mississippi and Amazon, and its volume a thousand times greater. Rising under the tropics, it flows through the Keys of Florida to the Banks of Newfoundland, thence across the Atlantic, through the English Channel, and is lost amid the eternal flow of ice that encircles the pole. Although in the sea, it is unsocial, and mingles not with the waters, but bears along in its majestic voyage across the deep the redolent heat of the tropics, to temper the far-off land of Europe—giving softness to the generous atmosphere of France, while it makes green and beautiful the bosom of down-trodden Ireland, as it palpitates for freedom and stamps it as "the loveliest dimple on ocean's cheek." As this great aorta of the body of the ocean silently but constantly dispenses its blessings to mankind, it recalls unto the civilized world that geographer of the seas, reared almost in sight of this spot, who marked its source and flow, and in terms as easily understood by sailor as by scientist, gave the philosophy of its mysterious workings.

With the gate-way to ambition on the Federal side wide open to Lieutenant Maury, at the outbreak of our interstate war, yet guided by manly and patriotic instincts, he turned to his State—"not that he loved Cæsar less but Rome more"—and cast his fortunes with our devoted Southland.

With no Confederate States navy to command, and no special field open to him in which to gather honors or fortune (as his education and life had been purely nautical), he nevertheless espoused with promptness

and alacrity our Confederate cause, and shared our good and evil fortunes. Honored be the name and cherished the memory of this son of old Williamson, who gave such sacrifices to his convictions of duty and such redolence to history.

This grand, learned, and scientific man, when a boy, hunted over these grounds and swam in yonder river; made his world-wide reputation by brightening and strengthening such natural gifts as may belong to some young men in this academy of learning, by dint of patient and thoughtful study. It is an example worthy of imitation, and especially commends itself to the young men of this institution.

Its name, by which we baptize it to-day—BATTLE-GROUND ACADEMY—and the site on which it is erected, are suggestive of those wonderful historic events in our country that had a cause as well as consequence, and which most appropriately call for a brief reference on this occasion of its dedication.

The object for which the American colonies confederated having been accomplished, and a recognition by foreign powers given, some more permanent form of government, with a common head for certain purposes, was by our fathers deemed essential for the common good.

The colonies assumed the garb of independent statehood, and in the midst of much embarrassment established the General Government. Its dual form—State and Federal—seemed to beget jurisdictional jealousies from the outset. It was an experiment to establish a Government that denied the divine right of kings and politically and socially eliminated from it royalty and privileged classes—the purpose being to establish a Government by and for the people. The fact of having been then so recently under the dominion of a centralized form of government caused many of the wisest and best patriots to doubt the success of so sudden and radical a change. Our political edifice, however, was erected, but the workmen left combustible materials within.

Even while in the very cradle of liberty, the conflict between State and Federal authority was ominous of evil, the one tending to centralism, and the other to separation. Auxiliary to this, sectionalism reared its horrid front, and as early as the acquisition of Louisiana in 1803, sectional troubles were rife and foreboding, for the reason that the great territorial expanse coming in under that purchase, disturbed sectional balance. Later on, the "Missouri Compromise" rekindled the smoldering fires of sectionalism, to the alarm of the wisest and best, and were again smothered, but not extinguished, by the temporizing policy of compromise.

Fiscal legislation, embracing the taxing powers of the Government and the mode of executing them, opened a broad arena for strife, the gravamen of which was sectional domination. Meanwhile the "irrepressible conflict" between free and slave labor gave constant irritation to this old sore, as it became more and more feverish and virulent.

Then came, as a bird of evil omen, the extension of slavery in the Territories, and brought the final issue of sectional balance still nearer, and so inflamed the popular mind of either section as to absorb all other issues and plunge us into a sectional and fratricidal war.

In the formation of our Government the seeds of discord were left

in the body-politic, and though the period of germination was three-quarters of a century, yet they did at last burst their cerements and come forth in blossoms of blood.

Great men—patriots—who could wield alike in the forum the battle-ax of Cœur de Lion and the magic blade of Saladin, met in sublime debate; sometimes in calm, cold reason, with clean-cut logic, and then again as wind and wave meet in the fury of the storm, but in the end failed to reconcile these discordant elements. "Our fathers ate sour grapes and their children's teeth were on edge."

When all else failed, sectional hostility appealed to that final arbiter—the sword. It has been aptly and beautifully said, that "the snowflake is the nucleus of the avalanche of the Alps, which, though long forming, may be loosened by a sunbeam and sent like crashing thunder on the plain." So it was with us in 1861—the avalanche from the mountain of political prejudice came crashing upon us with the thunder of revolution. The game afoot, the dogs of war let loose, the fratricidal butchery went on for four years, until crape was seen on every door; at every table there was a vacant chair, and every hearth-stone in the land was blackened with blood. You, my comrades, many of whom I see around me, were not the cause, but active and willing agents of that cause, as you should have been, and as I was, and for which I have no apologies. You were not idle spectators in the vast coliseum, witnessing the terrible combat as it deepened between the gladiators, but at a bound leaped into the arena, and bore well your part to the end—often in the very jaws of death. 'Tis over now, and you and I, and all of us, North and South, are at peace, and rejoice that it is so. Time, the great healer, has been pouring balm upon the wounds, and they are healing. Scars are gradually wearing away, and most naturally under the curative influence of intercourse—commercial, social, and political—may eventually disappear "as does the path of the eagle in the air, or the track of the ship in the sea."

May it not be that the houses of York and Lancaster are prototypes of the American Roundhead and Cavalier? While their internal war was flagrant, the red and white were thorny roses that alternately held sway, and for thirty years marked their paths with blood, with the loss of 100,000 lives, including eighty princes of the line. They, as we, spoke the same language, bowed at the same altar, and held to the same traditions. And when the strife between them was ended, the perfume of the bruised rose—the sweeter for its misfortunes—went into the blood of its twin and gave it increased beauty and redolence, and with a united strength built up modern England, one of the most powerful nations known to the history of man. And though we may have, as the house of York, found a Bosworth field, yet the victors so keenly felt the point of our lance that they rejoice, as we do, that the conflict is ended, and that we are a united people, with one destiny and one flag, and ready alike with our late foes to defend it.

It belongs to history, however, that the Confederates did have a Government for four years—years of battle and of blood—and that it was organized after the fashion of the one established by our fathers—President, Cabinet, and Congress, and all the requirements of an organized

Government—and withal, an army to back it; an army that had, first and last, something less than 600,000 enlisted officers and men.

It is also history that, speaking in round numbers, there were enlisted on the Federal side two and three-quarter millions of men, with all appliances for vigorous warfare at command, and that it required four years to disestablish the Southern Confederacy.

Ours was a pent-up Utica; no navy, no commerce with the outer world to give value to depreciated currency or obtain recruits from abroad. We may have had arms strong enough in our Ithica to spring the bow of Ulysses; yet when, by long-continued strain, they were weakened, we had no means of strengthening. Our foes commanded all recuperative force desired. Like Virgil's golden branch, when one was torn away another sprang in its place; yet the adversary was held at bay for four long years.

Now, that same Confederate soldier, who was overpowered by the numbers and resources of his enemy, returned under parole to the peaceful walks of life, and found his country devastated and his home a desolation. Unawed, though oppressed by unfriendly legislation, he has made the best of citizen. With a philosophic patience born of soldierly self-reliance, with an unflagging energy, guided by prudential economy, he has been, and is, an active agent in restoring his native land to progressive prosperity. Look around at church and school, at smiling field, at mill and factory, and ask Whence this marvelous change? You will be told, it has not come from influences abroad, but from home people, among whom this same Confederate element has been a chief factor. It is a victory in peace, conquered largely by this soldier element.

With these bold facts staring history in the face, Confederates, though beaten, need fear no just criticism as to motive, devotion to cause, patriotism, or prowess. This four years' struggle, on the part of the South, for principle—with marches and counter-marches, with bivouacs and battles—constitutes much of the romance of modern history, and is as full of gallant personal incident as was mediæval chivalry.

This temporary Government is gone, and gone forever, but it left a history—a history that is full of the tenderest reminiscences and treasured relics.

The ashes of our dead make more sacred the urn of this history. When we look into the casket of our interstate struggle for historic jewels, we will find none brighter or purer than those which adorn the Confederate side of this great drama.

The sacrifices made by the Confederate soldier put to rest the question of motive. At no time was he doubtful of the legality and justice of his cause. There was never a time when he confronted his adversary, even to the death, that he did not feel he was fighting for his country—for the legal right to local self-government under the existing Constitution made by his fathers. Moreover, he never doubted his right to claim for the South an equal share of sacrifices made and glory won by revolutionary ancestry. He remembered with pride that the first declaration for colonial independence was made in the South—at Mecklenburg, North Carolina; that Thomas Jefferson, a Southern man, wrote the Declaration of Independence adopted by our fathers. He also remembered that Patrick Henry, another Southern man, when doubt and hesi-

tation had seized the popular heart as to whether the colonies should dare to strike for independence, raised that inspiring battle-cry, "*Give me liberty or give me death!*" and aroused all patriots to decision and action. He also remembered that George Washington, a Southern man, led the army to final victory, and secured liberty to the American colonies; and that when the pivotal period of the struggle came, Southern heroes at King's Mountain, after the misfortunes at Camden, turned the tide of war, and led to the climax of victory at Yorktown. Such assured historic facts nerved the Confederate arm to deeds of valor, as it struck for home-rule, or local self-government, under the Constitution.

Among the historic features of that four years' bloody drama, was the battle of Franklin—fought near its close. And being now upon the identical spot where it occurred, and the name and dedication of this institution growing out of this battle, it will not be inappropriate nor invidious to recall, in a cursory way, some parts of its history.

In the latter part of the summer of 1864, immediately following the conclusion of the North Georgia campaign under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, culminating in the battles around Atlanta, under Gen. John B. Hood, "The Army of Tennessee," instead of further confronting General Sherman in his "march to the sea," changed tactics under its new leader (General Hood), and moved to the rear, with Tennessee as its objective point. Without giving in detail its movements, it is sufficient to know that it entered upon the new campaign, under its new leader, with greatly reduced strength.

I speak in round numbers when I say about 22,000 of all arms, after much delay, advanced from the Tennessee River, near Florence, Alabama, in November, 1864, meeting the enemy at Columbia, Tennessee, a distance of twenty-four miles from this place, where the Federals were in force under General Schofield—two corps, including thirty pieces of artillery and cavalry. With a delay of a few days, a movement was made across Duck River, above Columbia, of a part of Forrest's cavalry and two infantry corps—Stewart's and Cheatham's. Much delay in crossing the river necessitated a forced march on the part of the infantry, in order to intercept before night the Federal forces in their march to Nashville, their objective point. General Hood intended to deliver battle at or near Spring Hill, an intermediate point some twelve miles from Columbia, on the direct turnpike road to this place. Without entering upon the reasons for his failure to do so, as it has been a matter of much controversy, and has gone into history, it is sufficient to say that all Confederates believe that had the general fight come off there it would have been better for us, and prevented the bloody battle which came off here the next day. The Federals left Spring Hill in the night, and made their way to this place. Arriving early on the morning of November 30, they strengthened their defensive works around this place to resist assault, should it be made before evacuating it, in continuation of their movement to Nashville, then held by a large force under General Thomas. Failing to join battle at Spring Hill, General Hood pursued the enemy next morning, not waiting for his other corps under Gen. S. D. Lea, which had been left at Columbia on the previous day. The head of General Hood's column arriving in the afternoon, his lines were formed with the view of attack upon the enemy behind his well-constructed

breastworks—Stewart's corps holding the advance, moving that day, as did all of Hood's command, right in front. Stewart's corps composed the right of the line of battle and Cheatham's corps the left and in prolongation of it. The cavalry, under General Forrest, was on the right and left respectively. The left of the main line of the enemy's earthworks rested on the bank of Harpeth River, just east of this, and extended west across this front, and was then gradually retired in a northwest direction to the river again—a distance of perhaps a mile and a half—the river making a bend around the east and north sides of the town. Stewart's right rested on the river, and Cheatham's left extended beyond the immediate front on the south side of the works. The necessary delay in aligning and adjusting such line of battle, brought it near 4 o'clock on that short day before the line could be put in motion. French's division of Stewart's corps in that day's march held the advance, being the right, and Bate, of Cheatham's corps, brought up the rear of that corps, which in consecutive order threw him on the extreme left of the line; and on arrival in the evening he was ordered to move around yonder hill with left extending to the Carter's Creek Pike, which you see just there, and sweep by Mrs. Bostick's house. This necessarily disconnected, to some extent, this extreme left division from the main line in its advance, it having, as you see, to compass the arc of the circle, while the line on its right moved on the chord of the arc, direct to the enemy's works, and the line of the works being retired in a curve on its right, required a partial change of direction to strike it. Hence, even had all started at the same time, the short difference of the time in the assault on the works of the right and centre and the extreme left. The assault was made on the whole line with a courage and vigor rarely equaled in ancient or modern warfare. Just as the shadows from yonder hills were being lengthened by the declining sun, that remnant of the army of Tennessee, the pride and plume of our fated but devoted South, moved with intrepid step, under a murderous fire, through the crucial ordeal of terrible battle, into the very jaws of death.

Near where we now are is where the noted "gin-house" stood; and hard by, to the west of it, was the equally noted "locust thicket," most of which had been cut and made into an abattis in front of the Federal line of works. The spot where we now stand is a little left of the center of the slightly crescent form of earth-works that stretched its mighty folds, as an anaconda, and behind which the Federal lines found shelter. Those lines, that fatal evening, looked the more grim and angry as the smoke of battle thickened and the shadows of the evening darker grew. The approaching night also gave increased glare to the sheets of flame as they leaped from beneath the "headlogs" on the crest of the earthworks, as shot and shell and minie-ball were launched upon the advancing lines. The Confederate lines moved in the charge in rapid, hence somewhat irregular order, but with masterly vigor and determination. The outer works were carried with but little delay and small loss. The advancing lines moved hurriedly on. Many of this intrepid assaulting column gained the works. Some mounted and passed over them, and in some places, for short distances, held them; but the enemy doggedly held his ground, and nearly all along his line closely hugged the works, with here and there a second line in reserve, until, under the cover of

night, he left the field. Abattis were along some points in front of the works, making the approach more difficult, while at the immediate crossing of the Columbia Turnpike there was a break in the main line—rather it was retired and detached—leaving room for wagon trains and artillery to pass to the rear. Some of the Confederates in the assault made their way through this space, but the Federal reserves coming in soon drove back to the works those they did not capture. The most fearful and fatal part of the fight was in front of, and immediately to the right and left of where we now are.

From the point of alignment and starting, just over yonder, is a direct line to this part of the enemy's works, and over unobstructed ground. In approaching this point of attack they moved on the chord of the circle, while those to the extreme left, on the extended line, had to observe the arc, or change direction, in order to strike the works. Thus, as you readily see by glancing over the field, those immediately in front and to the left of this point, having less distance to compass and over unobstructed ground, came under fire first, and were most and longer exposed to its deadly effect, and hence the more terrible fatality amongst those daring men than befell some other parts of the assaulting lines. As shown by official reports, this battle, on the Confederate side, was fought almost exclusively by the infantry.

Of infantry engaged on the Confederate side there were perhaps 15,000—Lea's corps having been held back at Columbia; one division, however (Johnson's), arrived after night-fall, and participated in the latter part of the battle, on our extreme left. Of this number more than one-third were killed, wounded, and captured. Of the latter, but few, and they were taken prisoners at or after getting inside the enemy's works. The number of Federals killed and wounded, fighting as they did behind strong and well-constructed works, was comparatively small. They stood their ground bravely and with effect while the pressure lasted. General Schofield, now the head of the United States army, was chief in command. Generals Stanley and Cox were next to him in command. Not venturing an invidious criticism as to who was or was not efficient within the Federal lines that day, I can say, judging from our standpoint and from results, that the Federal troops were handled with skill and courage. On the Confederate side it was the most fatal battle to officers of rank, according to numbers engaged, of any during the war. Of the general officers there were on the Confederate side six killed, three wounded, and one captured.

Just to the left and front there fell Major-general Cleburne, whose name in history is circled with a halo as bright as the sunburst on the green flag of his native Ireland.

Not far from him went down his trusted friend, Brigadier-general Granbury, on whose pennant the lone star of Texas glistened in glory. Brigadier-general Gist, of South Carolina, modest, brave, devoted, fell to the right and front of us. Brigadier-general Carter, a son of Georgia, but by education and adoption a Tennessean, and commanding Tennessee troops, fell over there on the right while gallantly pushing to the enemy's works. Here, just to the right of where the relics of the old "gin-house" stand, Brigadier-general Strahl was first wounded, after having gallantly gained the outside of the works, and while being borne to the

rear received two more shots, which proved immediately fatal. To our left, nearer to the river, Brigadier-general John Adams, a native of Giles County and a graduate of West Point, a very Hotspur, surrendered his life at the behest of his native State, just at the dead line, where horse and rider went down together on the top of the enemy's works. General John C. Brown, commanding Cheatham's old division, was wounded in the action while gallantly at his post of duty, but lived to be honored by the people of Tennessee twice electing him their chief magistrate, and was recently borne to the tomb with the commingled love and regrets of the whole country. Brigadier-general Quarles was twice badly wounded in this glorious but fatal charge, and still survives with a mangled arm dangling by his side, an evidence of that patriotism and gallantry characteristic of his life. Brigadier-general Manigault, another gallant son of South Carolina, was wounded in this charge, and yet lives, honored and loved by his people. General George W. Gordon, after running the gauntlet of this famous charge, and passing the works in most gallant style, was captured and held as a prisoner. To speak by name of the desperately brave officers of line and staff who fell in the carnage of this battle would require a list greatly beyond the scope of this occasion, and extend it into book form. It will not be censurably invidious, I know, to say that Colonel Smith, of the First Confederate Regiment of General Henry R. Jackson's Georgia Brigade, fell just over there near the locust thicket on top of the works as he was leading his command into them.

Not to speak of those who fell on other fields, nor of the living (I see around me many heroes of this charge), it may not be too invidious for me to allude to Colonel John L. House, who survived it, but is now numbered among the dead; who lived and died in sight of this battle-field, on which he so distinguished himself in command of his heroic First Tennessee Infantry Regiment, the fortunes of which he had shared during the entire war.

Lieutenant Theodore ("Todd") Carter, after an absence of nearly three years, and while literally fighting for his fireside, fell near his father's door, just over there, as if fate had brought him home to die in the bosom of his family. Colonel Wm. Shye, who from boyhood to manhood lived near this spot, rose by degrees from Lieutenant to the colonelcy of our famous Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, led that command in this charge, and in two weeks thereafter fell while resisting the onslaught of the Federal columns on Shye's Hill, fronting Nashville (named in honor of him), as by sheer force of numbers they overwhelmed his thin but gallant lines.

Among these personal allusions, it is with pride and pleasure that I refer to our honest, brave, and blunt old commander, General Frank Cheatham, who not long since passed over the river, and now rests under the shade of the trees. Thy bosom, O Mount Olivet, never received in its embrace a braver soldier, a truer patriot, a better friend, nor a kinder heart.

Last, but not least, the truest and bravest of all, the private soldier, who, limb-weary and foot-sore, had borne alike for months and years the quiet camp, the weary march, the bivouac and the battle, mostly without shelter of tent, with thin blanket, thin coat, and often with thin crust. For two days preceding this battle he had marched, sometimes in a

"double-quick," when weary of limb and sore of foot, yet he stood the role of duty uncomplainingly, and not asking the reason why he was called upon to confront these defiant and almost impassable works, instead of turning them to right or left, nor questioning the nature of the ground, an unobstructed plain, over which he was to charge, with no helmet but his slouched hat, no shield but his old gray coat, and in which he gave up his life. But, true to duty, he gave himself as a holocaust to his country, and now sleeps, just yonder, in sight of this field of Mars, in McGavock Cemetery, given by that sterling patriot, modest and cultivated gentleman, Colonel John McGavock, who, thank heaven, still lives to greet us here to-day. It is a beautiful grove near his dwelling, where the giant oaks and witch elms cast their shadows with the rising and setting sun on the green sward that swells above his buried chivalry. It is over these modest graves we should offer the Christian's prayer, and for them interweave the cypress with the laurel. Rest there, comrades, in that "eternal camping ground," where with the coming of spring flowers youth and beauty meet to plant the cross and scatter forget-me-nots, and "where the woodbine spices are wafted abroad and the musk of the roses blow."

Those private soldiers whose lives were given on this sacrificial altar to their country, were the most devoted and faithful of heroes that belong to history. Theirs assimilates in martyr courage and devotion to duty, that of the pagan soldier who, as sentinel, was on guard in Pompeii when the destroying element emitted from the crater of Vesuvius overwhelmed that ill-fated city. While others fled affrighted, he, from a sense of duty, stood to his post, and perished beneath that Vesuvian overflow. Eighteen hundred years thereafter Pompeii was unearthed and the remains of this pagan soldier, with his military accoutrements of helmet, spear, and breast-plate, was found at his guard-post. That private soldier lives in history, while the general who commanded him is forgotten, and his helmet and lance and breast-plate are to-day held in the museum at Naples as priceless trophies, challenging alike the admiration of pagan and Christian.

When the young student here, within the walls of Battle-ground Academy, reciting his Latin, is charmed with that historic romance, the Æneid, in which Virgil depicts the siege of Troy and tells of the artful Ulysses, of silent Achilles, of the fierce Ajax, and devoted but ill-fated Hector; let him turn the mirror of memory on this field, at the set of sun, on the 30th of November, 1864, and see the reality of modern warfare in its bloodiest type, as the departing spirits of grander and real heroes rise from the smoke of battle into their bright and eternal realms. Again, if this student recites in Herodotus or Xenophon, and reads from the ancient Greek of that martyr-band of Spartans at Thermopylæ, or of the locked shields of the Macedonian phalanx, or of the display of Athenian valor, where "the mountains look on Marathon and Marathon looks on the sea," let him take an object-lesson that cannot be forgotten, by looking upon the scene presented on this spot, as the curtain of night lifts away on the morning of the 1st of December, but leaves the smoky pall still hovering, as if to hide from the light of day the number of heroes who laid dead on the field of Franklin.

Such history should be preserved in every known form, and I am persuaded that every broad-minded, generous, and gallant man who is proud of our Anglo-American race, and who has moral and political courage to rise above local and personal prejudices, would rejoice to see it done. Our late foes, and I applaud them for it, have been vigilant and active in the preservation of the history of their side of our great interstate strife. But on the Confederate side, with few exceptions, the muse of history has been silent.

The truth of history, especially its most brilliant incidents, should be written, not alone with the pen. The chisels of Phidias and Praxitiles gave pith and point to the pen of Herodotus. The brush of Michael Angelo, and preceding artists, gave emphasis and brilliancy to passages of Roman history that fadeth not. The Coliseum, in ruins, impresses the beholder more with the former greatness and grandeur of the Romans than to read the books of Livy and Tacitus. The statue of Napoleon in the Place Vendome is a school of history to Frenchmen, and to them it has more of the elements of revolution than can be found in all French histories. The bronze statue of the "Iron Duke" is an object-lesson in which every boy in London sees Waterloo and the downfall of the Napoleonic dynasty, to the relief of all Europe. In our own country Hiram Powers, with his chisel, has given beauty to thought, while Vinnie Ream and Clark Mills have molded much personal history into immortality. Then, not only let Southern pens write truthfully Confederate history, but let the chisel of sculptors make our marble speak and the brush of artists make the canvas glow in the preservation of Confederate history. The Confederate survivors of this war have made the best and most law-abiding and peaceful citizens in the land, and they and their kindred and friends have, by their energy and frugality, lifted our Southland from the ashes of desolation in which the war left it into the high-road of prosperity, and now the time has come for us to look to the preservation of our Confederate history.

My heart is with you in the effort now being made to erect in the Public Square in this county a monument to the memory of fallen Confederate heroes, and as the noble women of this county are giving aid to the monument, its success is assured. Your example should be followed by every county in the South, until the rising and setting sun shall greet them all over this Southland. That is the way to teach our children and our children's children the history of our great struggle, and make them remember with pride the noble deeds of their Confederate ancestry and revere their memories as patriots and heroes.